

to observe my fellow travelers, many of whom were summer tourists and bound also to Niagara.

In came the traveled man, divested of everything but a flask, umbrella and duster. His practiced eye told him at a glance which was the shady and which was the sunny side, from which side there was the most to be seen, and he suits himself to a seat as easily as a frog takes to the water.

Then comes an old couple; each one carrying half a dozen bundles of some kind or other, and they stumble along the aisle, banging passengers' heads; she calling for him to sit in one place, and he insisting upon another locality, the result being, probably, that while they are dodging this way and that, still undecided which chairs to occupy, other passengers take them, and they are obliged to try their luck in another car.

Then comes in a newly married couple, bound for Niagara, of course, and take a survey of the car.

"I'm afraid, Birdy, that we can't get two seats together in this car," he says.

"Well, Woutsey, I wouldn't care to ride in a drawing-room car anyway," she replies.

"Why, Birdy?"

"Because—I—we—that is, George, a chair holds only *one* you know, and—"

He understands; and away they go in search of a car with seats that accommodate *two*.

Then a blustering man comes in, red in the face, frowning at those who have taken the best seats. If looks could blast, the whole car-load would instantly become a peck of dry bones.

Then a timid, bashful man comes in. He has never traveled much and is altogether uncertain as to whether he is in the right car or not. He is loaded with umbrella, bags, bundles, &c., and in his confusion he gets in somebody's way, drops something,